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# GH TREBARWITH

A CORNISH ROMANCE

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HUGH TREBARWITH

BY

EDWARD FOSKETT



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AS THE VESSEL NEARED THE BAY.

# HUGH TREBARWITH

A CORNISH ROMANCE

BY

EDWARD FOSKETT

AUTHOR OF "THE WINDOW IN THE ROCK" ETC.

*ILLUSTRATED*

LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1881



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## HUGH TREBARWITH.

HUGH TREBARWITH, rough and fearless, known  
for many a deed well done,  
Looked to landward all enraptured, sailing with  
the setting sun.

Looked he long with eyes of wonder, for the  
beauty was sublime  
As eternal sunset resting on the sea and rocks  
of time.

\* \* The scene of the incidents recorded in the poem is  
Trebarwith Strand, near Tintagel.

Harmony of sound and colour, breathing, blending  
land and sea,  
Speaking in soft murmurs, waking thoughts of  
silent melody ;

Like sweet peace with radiant mantle floating on  
the emerald waves,  
And as power in whispered echoes coming from  
the hidden caves :

As a vision of the Mighty, as the Mighty's mystic  
plan,  
Half concealing, half revealing, Nature's horoscope  
to man.

While the spell was yet upon him, one said,  
“ Yon's Trebarwith Strand ! ”  
And he answered, “ Yes, by heaven ! and I'm  
near a mind to land.”

“Better make Boscastle harbour or just round  
Tintagel’s head,”

So the mate replied, but vainly: “In that cove  
I’ll land!” he said.

“Well I know it! If I told you it would seem  
a fairy tale;

Curse it! why should I remember I was born up  
that fair vale?

“Yes, Trebarwith!—I’m Trebarwith—since I left  
thy rocky strand

Full ten years have whistled by me, and I have  
the will to land:

“Though I vowed no more to see thee when my  
heart-sick mother died,

Still I’ll do it! Shorten sail then, for we catch  
the flowing tide.

“ Name ? I say my name’s Trebarwith ! Not  
my mother’s that I own ;  
Not my father’s ! Once I swore to raze the record  
from his stone.

“ Dead he is, my mother told me, but his name  
she would not tell,  
For, when I had forced her story, hate seethed in  
my heart like hell.

“ She forgave him, loved him, praying I might  
bless his wrong in me ;  
He had told her once to ask this ’ere he crossed  
death’s darkened sea.

“ That he loved me, saw me, cherished for five  
years my little life,  
Called me *son*. I hurled the answer, ‘ But he  
dared not call thee *wife* ! ’

“How she blanched, her dark eyes flashing, but  
to this no words would come,  
In his fault she stood beside him, and before me  
she was dumb :

“Not with look of abject weakness, nor with  
brazen glance of scorn,  
But with introspective grandeur of a deeper  
thought new-born.

“When at length my sting-word left her, and  
recoiling probed in me—  
‘Read,’ she said, with look beseeching, ‘written  
word from him to thee.’

“It was all a man could tell me ; it was all a man  
could do ;  
But he signed no name save ‘Father,’ though he  
called me his son Hugh.

“I was then a stalwart stripling, tingling with  
a pride called shame :  
Wrote he, ‘Love your mother ; tell her you  
forgive and take my name.

“ ‘Then as heir to my estate, and as my son be  
henceforth known ;  
Do it—bless me ! Spurn it—curse me ! Bless  
me, that I may atone.’

“But his message— Stay, the Otter !\* I’ve  
seen billows cap its crest.  
Bah, we’ll land her, there’s no hurry, trust this  
bird to find its nest.

\* The Otterham rock, frequently called the Gull rock, is nearly a mile from the shore at the southern end of the bay, rising 133 ft. above high water-mark.

“ Yes, his message—fatal letter—stirred a hurricane within,  
Followed by a sudden calmness worse than  
passion’s noisy din.

“ For three days I kept the letter, for three nights  
it lay with me,  
Then I tore it, and the east wind laughed each  
fragment to the sea.

“ My resolve was made ! I would not take his  
name, his land, his gold ;  
Shame-born was I ? with some honour neither to  
be bought nor sold.

“ His name ? why the thought created fiendish  
thoughts, like some dread fate,  
Stirring all the fumes of passion in the caldron  
of my hate.

“ Not by such ignoble truckling would I yield to  
one so base,  
I was henceforth Hugh Trebarwith, since it was  
my native place.

“ ‘ Be you silent ! ’ cried my mother : ‘ It was  
nobler thus to write  
Than to cast a father’s message out into the outer  
night ! ’

“ There was anger, love, and terror, as she looked  
me in the eyes—  
‘ He was nobler than his son is, if his son his love  
defies ! ’

“ I defied it !—wrath in madness—madness close  
akin to bliss ;  
Love for her whose very sweetness cast me in  
despair’s abyss.

“For my dreams had shaped like granite, nurtured by her pure bright mind ;  
But my boyish hopes then vanished—dark before  
and black behind.

“Pause I give to thoughts too tragic ! There are  
scenes we store within  
Which no painter puts on canvas—thoughts that  
shame and silence sin.

“Only this remains—a rock-fact of a surging year,  
which led  
To the silent goal of all things, when I looked  
upon her dead :

“This—before her last faint heart-throb—‘Take  
my hand, dear Hugh, my child ;  
I shall leave you lonely, lonely ; but we two are  
reconciled :

“ ‘ We two ! but there is another ! ’—and I turned  
my face away—

‘ Ah, I see beyond your seeing ; you’ll forgive  
someday, someday ! ’

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Haul the jib down ! I spoke freely—thoughtless  
while the thought was new ;  
But betrayed, why man, I’d quickly square a  
black account with you.

“ Pardon, pardon, I withdraw it ! If I saved thy  
life ’tis thine ;  
But I know from head to heart’s core in true  
comradeship ’tis mine.”

On my barque, and woo the shore !

Speed, my ocean treasure !

Now the surges roll no more

Give a dancing measure :

Heave O, on we go ! Sing, for life is jolly,

None so true, come weal or woe, as our sweetheart Polly.

Whether skies are foul or fair,

She smiles—she is sweetest ;

Whether winds blow soft or fierce,

She rides—she is fleetest :

Heave O, on we go ! Sing, for life is jolly,

Sound of limb, all taut and trim, is our sweetheart Polly.

Where's the lass like her on land,

Winsome, strong, yet tender ;

Find her mate and there's my hand,

For I'd make surrender :

Heave O, on we go ! Sing, for life is jolly,

There's no lass in all the world like our sea-bride Polly.

Every height was smiling welcome ! Islets flashed  
their richest glow,  
Amber clouds enfringed with purple spread translucent light below.

Stern Tintagel, like a sentry, seemed to say that  
all was well ;  
From Trevena's lonely church-tower came a  
message from the bell.

When he heard it last 'twas tolling for the dead—  
his eyes grew dim—  
For the dead whose only earth-pang was one  
sorrow left with him.

Hugh in silence watched the sunset as the vessel  
neared the bay,  
Though the mate appealed, his head bowed and  
he had no word to say.



STERN TINTAGEL, LIKE A SENTRY,  
SEEMED TO SAY THAT ALL WAS WELL.



Suddenly he scanned the waters, where they  
broke along the strand,  
From Penallick's point to Denny's, and he saw  
the place to land.

“Launch the Dart! Let go the anchor!”  
There was fierceness in his tone;  
But the mate knew why, and answered, “Then  
you go ashore alone?”

“Right!” he said,—“I'd rather swim it—I shall  
stay there for awhile,  
You can wait or make Port Isaac if a livelier  
breeze should smile.”

“Ay, ay, Padstow if it freshens; there's a stiff  
one coming soon;  
I will drink a bumper to you 'neath the lamp-  
light of the moon.”

So his oars dipped, and his strong stroke  
smoothly, swiftly, ploughed the deep,  
To the music and the cadence of the waves  
when half asleep.

Not a man was there to aid him, nor a boy to  
haul a rope ;  
Not a —— there intently gazing was a maid as  
bright as hope.

In his dreams he had not fashioned one as fair  
in form as this—  
Spring with promise of a Summer wooing every  
zephyr's kiss.

He of men was like a headland, as a magnet to  
the eye,  
And she felt a thrill which startled into life a  
half-breathed sigh.

Suddenly in the horizon uprose clouds that haste  
the night,  
Marshalling their swift battalions after calm for  
ruthless fight :

Dead winds burst the bonds that held them !  
Rocks frowned black or sombre grey,  
And he looked in vain—the maiden as the light  
had fled away.

Night steals on with step magnetic,  
And a silence half prophetic  
Calls to rest !  
Hear, O man, the voice that speaketh,  
There is peace for him who seeketh  
Its behest :  
Tumult like an angry billow  
May be soothed on night's soft pillow—  
Sleep is best !

Woman, weary, heavy laden,  
Merry lad and blithesome maiden,  
    Take your rest !  
Let the passions in their fleetness  
Pause awhile and gather sweetness  
    Unexpressed !  
Stifle folly, curtain sorrow,  
Pray to Him who rules the morrow—  
    Sleep is best !

Sunrise like a fiery beacon flamed upon the  
    eastern hill ;  
Storm had swept along the valley, but the  
    storm in Hugh was still.

Not a sound had touched his ear-chords ; he  
    slept as a boy once more ;  
Roamed he o'er the hills of dreamland, free as  
    in the days of yore :

Swift the years passed ! Scenes re-acted in his  
brain asserted sway,  
And, awaking, something tranquil glowed within  
to greet the day.

His good ship had left the channel—"Ah," he  
said, "a stiffish gale !"  
And he wandered without purpose up and down  
his native vale.

"Stormy morning, Master Roger !" "Mornin' ;  
yes sir, that it be !"  
And old Roger looked a question, so Hugh  
answered smilingly—

"One who knew you well described you—told  
me I should see you here,  
King of Sand ! and he a sandboy sent you this  
for hearty cheer."

“ Thank’ee sir ! and you may reckon if you want  
me I am spry ” ;

Hugh laughed, “ Yes, and I’ll remember ! ” and  
he passed with twinkling eye.

“ He’s the one I feared would know me ; but to  
fifteen years add ten,  
Would a mother know her laddie ? Mine—ah  
mine !—the now and then.”

Later, he could ne’er remember how or why, his  
footsteps trod  
On the turf of lone Trevena silent as the hush  
of God :

To the spot, he oft had seen it when the shadows  
brought it near,  
Where the simple rock-hewn headstone spoke to  
him : hark, was it fear ?



LONE TREVENA,  
SILENT AS THE HUSH OF GOD.



Yet he heard—it seemed a rustle—and he saw a  
form glide by ;

“ Bah,” he said, “ a trick of twilight—an illusion  
of the eye.”

Brain or eye it mattered little ; on the stone he  
bowed his head,

Wrestled with his own grim phantom, communed  
with the living dead.

In the realm of twilight-silence  
Echoes penetrate the ear,  
And mysterious links of nature  
Bring a dead existence near ;  
Then we dream about the Future  
From the Present's narrow ken,  
While a hidden Past re-echoes  
With a life once known to men.

We but darkly see the Present,  
For the seed from which it grew  
Left a record in Time's valley  
Where its blossom faded too.  
Have we left far, far behind us  
Footprints on another track?  
Do the whispers as we listen  
Bring again a dead life back?

Who can scan the Past or Future?  
Is the Past dead evermore,  
Or the Present a soul-seedling  
Of half-conscious life before?  
Why not? If the ages coming  
Do not sweep our Now away,  
They may focus all the soul-links  
Of our life's vast yesterday.

Swiftly, freshly, days sped onward—life is strong  
at twenty-five,  
And the sight of one brown maiden made his  
hope in life revive:

Hope like April alternating, darkest clouds and  
brightest blue,  
Wind and hail-storm leaping, shouting, and the  
sunshine breaking through.

How could he, a waif of nature, say to one pure  
maid "Be mine!"  
Yet are honour and devotion less than empty  
name or line?

So his thoughts leaped! They had spoken once—  
a few words—and surprise  
Flushed them both, but spoke a volume in the  
language of the eyes.

With a matron grave and stately roamed she  
when the day was young,  
Roamed alone too, swam and clambered—made  
the schoolman find his tongue.

Modest in his guise and aspect ; man of many  
parts, but slow—

Music, painting—speaking little, hiding more  
than most men know.

Hugh he saw with admiration—half regret if  
truth be truth—

Though a sage ten years his senior warmed he to  
the headstrong youth ;

Youth no longer, but with manhood strong in  
strength of limb and mind,

Rushing, swaying, as a torrent that leaves deeper  
streams behind.

So it seemed, for James Pengelly in his solitude  
apart,

Lingered with his prosy learning coloured by the  
hues of Art :

Painted miniatures of fancy ; touched the organ  
hour by hour,  
Seeking and oft finding solace in the freedom of  
his power.

She, the pole-star of two mortals, all unconscious,  
only knew  
One alone absorbed her thoughts, which ever  
echoed only "Hugh."

Once he begged her thus to call him, but her  
lips withheld the sound,  
While her heart responded dumbly with a depth  
the more profound.

On the glittering shore once to him waved she  
back a joyous hand,  
Radiant as the rosy morning, like a goddess of  
the strand.

No tint of words could paint the grace  
Of form which marked her motion,  
Nor give the hues upon her face  
Which changed with each emotion.

The sunshine flashing on each crest  
A thousand gems bestrewing,  
Awaited Neptune's own behest  
To deck her in his wooing.

As rise warm wavelets when the South  
Sends forth a breezy murmur,  
With fragrant kisses on its mouth,  
So seemed a breath to stir her.

The bright sand glistened at her feet,  
And voiceful shells in glancing  
Sent up a melody so sweet  
It seemed their souls were dancing.

He beheld her breast the billows with a joy akin  
to fear,

When the swell was strong, and often as a watch-  
dog lingered near :

And the thought—a premonition—one morn  
quicken'd his quick tread,  
Of a stronger spring-tide rising, which created  
awesome dread :

Like the wind lashed into tempest over crag and  
crag went he,  
Heard a cry for help far-reaching, “Hugh!  
Hugh!” coming from the sea.

“My name! her voice! God Almighty, save  
her! Aid me, Mighty Will!”  
Was his prayer, and plunging headlong swam  
with superhuman skill :

Fought the surges, climbed the billows, heard  
the cry, faint—near—and then  
Felt the godhead of his manhood answer with  
the strength of ten :

Saw her just a moment—lost her ! Felt the  
grim tug of despair  
Clutch his throat ; but 'ere it tightened his hand  
caught her flowing hair :

Saved ! but no response came from her ! Dead ?  
and then the cruel sea,  
Like an angry tyrant baffled, howled the more  
ferociously.

Life or death for one or both was then the  
combat to the land,  
But at last, all bruised, his triumph ended on  
the rock-ribbed strand.

Anguish, doubt and wild distraction cut his heart  
as with a knife ;  
Dead ?—but ear and hand on tension found a  
pulse that whispered *life*.

He was mother, brother, lover, as he warmed  
her to his breast,  
Kissed her cheeks, her lips, her forehead, as a  
child thus saved, caressed.

Tenderly, his arms around her, up and up the  
dale he went ;  
Ne'er had man a richer burden borne with such  
a sweet content.

The dark fringes of her eyelids hid the depths  
encaverned there,  
And her cheeks looked wan as moonlight in a  
cloud of tangled hair.

Beauty in unconscious robing,  
On a couch of dream-wrought bliss,  
Locked in arms that soothe to slumber,  
Sealed by love's magnetic kiss.

Beauty in the strength of weakness—  
A full tide in deep, still mood ;  
As a virgin child of nature  
In her untouched solitude,  
Waking to a warm pulsation  
As to life but newly born,  
While the red tide gently flowing  
Touched her lips—as rosy dawn  
Peeping through Aurora's mantle—  
Herald of a vestal day,  
As a ripe bud slowly opening  
To the sun's creative sway.

Beauty in unconscious robing,  
On a couch of dream-wrought bliss,  
Locked in arms that soothe to slumber,  
Sealed by love's magnetic kiss.

News had sped before him ; rumour ever as a  
lying ghost,  
Said, with quick breath half-bewailing, both  
were dead upon the coast.

All unheeding, seeing nothing, deaf and blind to  
all strode he,  
Reached the open door, and knew not—strength  
gave up its mastery :

Nothing knew, till James Pengelly, sitting on his  
narrow bed  
Argus-like, replied to questions, while his hand  
propped up Hugh's head.

Both were heroes, now sworn brothers ; for  
Hugh's deed had like a flood  
Broken all the other's hopes down, and left  
stronger ties than blood.

James Pengelly swept his heart clean ! “ I once  
painted this,” said he ;  
“ Take it, if you will—you saved her !—take it  
as a gift from me.”

Hugh was humbled : no elation stirred the lover  
in the man ;  
Having saved he could not claim her, and his  
name was as a ban.

But the miniature was precious as new sight  
unto the blind,  
And her aunt, the dame Trevanion, spoke words  
that seemed more than kind :

Called she, “ Ruth, Ruth ! thank him ! thank  
him ! ” But the maid gave both her hands,  
And her words were words of silence, spoken  
when love understands.

When they walked his tongue lost freedom with  
the sun-nymph by his side ;  
She was piqued, and thought her champion some-  
times lost in gloomy pride.

He thought : " As yon bird that singeth in the  
azure light above,  
So is she beyond my reaching, though my soul  
be winged with love."

Then a glance illumined his vision, and her words  
were as a smile ;  
" Think you I or any woman could in silence  
walk a mile ? "

" Speak," he said, " and I will listen music-eared  
to catch the sound ; "  
" Nay," responded she, " not music, only thoughts  
and not profound.

“Only this—this stretch of moorland, like my  
native Devon’s face,  
Made me wish that I might challenge you, big  
tyrant, to a race.

“That’s the goal—the quarry gateway!” On  
they went and clipt the air;  
Half the way she led, but somehow he a hand’s  
length first was there.

“Mine!” he said, “Cornwall wins Devon! In  
fair beauty they are one,  
Both are married to the sea as children of the  
western sun :

“Differing as a bride and bridegroom, as bare  
rock and pine-clad knoll,  
Separate, but not divided; perfect as a living  
whole.

“If—ah if!—it only could be I might claim  
love’s rich bequest!”—

Her eyes downcast, slow uplifted, looked in his  
and said the rest.

“Mine!”—he spoke with face transfigured—

“Now my heart sings merrily!”

Coyly smiled she, “I hear nothing!” “Yet,”  
he said, “it sings of thee.”

Love is over all, though the shadows fall  
Dark and chill;  
Love is as a star, shining where you are,  
Steadfast still.

Faith in love may dim—faith in her or him  
May befall;  
But the darkest night yields to morning’s light  
After all.

Time that now defies is a time that dies  
    With a breath ;  
Love is not a day, for it lives for aye,  
    Killing death.

So in you and me ever may it be  
    Pure and bright,  
Keeping us as one till another sun  
    Brings new light.

Love is over all, though the shadows fall  
    Dark and chill ;  
Love is as a star, shining where you are,  
    Steadfast still.

Peace, like some deep-flowing river, sheltered by  
    protecting hills,  
Stilled the current of his life-stream with a calm  
    that love distils.

It unlocked the Past's closed doorway, whence  
    he looked behind, before,  
With a gleam of intuition, and he wondered more  
    and more.

Love was his in breadth and fulness ; in its depth  
    and in its height ;  
In the past, the present, future, beacon in the  
    darkest night.

To Trevena, when the wind blew midnight's  
    anthem, then he came,  
Said with head bowed on her grave-stone,  
    " Mother, I would take his name ! "

Breathed he, " Father, you forgive me !—I, not  
    thou—let me atone ;  
Bless me for I cursed thee ; give me, not thy  
    wealth, thy name alone."

Then he wrote to one—the proctor—having all  
the threads that he  
Spurned and tangled by the folly of his youth's  
ferocity.

Wrote: “ Might I obey the mandate of my  
father's wish and will—  
Take his name and let all else run in the same  
succession still ? ”

Said that he was soon expecting a betrothal tie  
with one,  
Gentle born—a Ruth Trevanion—with this legal  
business done.

Came the answer like a summons: “ Come with-  
out delay and bring  
Aught in writing of your mother's, and her old  
prized signet-ring.

“ Make no promise of a marriage ; say naught—  
    come and be not slow ;  
You have waited ten years ; haste now, there is  
    much that you should know.”

Thus a cloud came 'twixt the lovers. “ Say  
    naught,” said the Plymouth scribe ;  
Hugh and Ruth spurned that prescription, and  
    discussed the lawyer tribe.

But the parting was a sorrow like a sunbeam  
    dewed with tears ;  
Not despair, but as a rainbow lighting hope and  
    bridging fears.

Good-bye, dear love ! heart of my heart, good-bye !  
I know thee true, and 'tis from this I borrow ;  
    Dark clouds may gather in our summer sky,  
But brightness yet will come in life's to-morrow :  
    Here clasping hands and pressing lips we part,  
    With love-chords still unbroken—heart to heart !

Where first we met upon this rocky beach  
We breathe farewell, the waves of hope prevailing,  
For faith is strong and love hands still can reach  
O'er leagues of ocean, and our thoughts swift sailing  
Can baffle time and distance in their flight,  
And bring to each love's music winged with light.

Good-bye, dear love! heart of my heart, good-bye!  
The sea-waves yet will bring joy after sorrow ;  
Dark clouds may gather in our summer sky,  
But I will come again in life's to-morrow :  
Here clasping hands and pressing lips we part,  
With love-chords still unbroken—heart to heart !

What Hugh heard and what he suffered—what  
he read on parchment scroll—  
Was a human revelation of keen torture to his  
soul :

Complex—love and grief entwisted ! All his  
    hopes like wreckage cast  
On the wide sea—drifting, drifting—sport of  
    every shrieking blast.

Then he wrote a letter to her, saying he was  
    coming soon,  
Full of yearning, and yet wanting the full tide of  
    love's deep tune ;

For he felt flung down and battered as a mast  
    by lightning's stroke ;  
Heard the weary lawyer reading—heard and  
    looked, but seldom spoke :

Looked away to some far harbour for a light to  
    guide his bark ;  
But the thick mists gathered round him and he  
    wandered in the dark.

Yet love spoke with strange and tender words,  
that moved him to fulfil  
Some half-shapen purpose, brooding as the sweet  
dove of his will.

Wrote he then to James Pengelly, openly as man  
to friend—  
Tenderly, as man to brother, by a chord that  
has no end :

Told him all ! To hold his secret sacred, but to  
give her cheer,  
Soothing, guiding, with wise counsel till he came  
to make all clear.

She who waited, trusted ! Waited with a presage  
in the air ;  
Hoped, with tearful eyes, and breathing anguish  
in her glance and prayer.

Waiting, she recalled his farewell; strange it  
sounded now, while then  
All was promise as they parted—would they meet  
again, and when?

Like a stately monarch resting,  
Lay the ship awaiting him;  
And anon it lifted anchor,  
While my straining eyes grew dim;  
Slowly fading from my vision  
Sailed the goodly barque away,  
As I stood with hope on tiptoe  
Watching from the silent bay:  
Suddenly I heard a whisper—'twas a promise breathed  
to me  
In the cadences of twilight coming from the placid sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

Roll ye billows, burst around me!  
Once soft ripples made me glad;  
Now I love the waking storm-blast,  
Softer music makes me sad;

There's deceit I cannot fathom  
In the summer skies of youth ;  
But when tempest fights with tempest  
There's a voice that speaks the truth :  
Someday I shall reach my haven after one fierce storm  
is past,  
I shall hear a dear voice calling and shall find my love  
at last.

Wind and tide made friends together—drew their  
sullen furies forth—  
Called the south, which joined the west, and  
made the east wind lash the north :

Wind and tide conspired together ! Ships went  
down within that gale,  
And no man was left to shudder as he told the  
awful tale.





WHERE A SHIP HAD FOUNDERED.

On the shore stood Ruth Trevanion, like grim  
terror beautified !

Watching, where a ship had foundered, lest some  
life could be descried :

Waiting !—ah, if she could succour some poor  
seaman—then she saw,

In the ravening swirl, a mortal sucked within the  
billows' maw :

Mocked and buffeted ! Now coming, now reced-  
ing, tossed about,

Human plaything for the surges as they beat his  
life-spark out.

His last cry had lost its echo ! cold his brow and  
stiff his hand,

When with one fierce howl the billows hurled  
him on Trebarwith strand :

Hugh Trebarwith?—"Hugh, my dearest!" quick  
as thought she did her part;  
Ah, too late! the pulse was silent as her hand  
pressed on his heart.

But she found a fast-closed locket, with her  
portrait, and her hair  
Folded in a scrap of paper, and this message  
written there:

*"Love from Hugh; but not Trebarwith! Love to  
you, dear sister—mine!  
Hugh Trevanion!—call me brother! as Trevanion  
wholly thine!"*

\* \* \* \* \*

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“Yea, Pengelly, thou didst love him! I am  
rich in having thee,  
Though we’ve lost him till to-morrow in the  
harvest of the sea.”

*The following is a list of poems and miscellaneous lyrics by Mr. Edward Foskett, in chronological order of publication. The list is exclusive of contributions which have appeared in various magazines, etc., either with name, initials ("E. F."), and pseudonyms "Aaron" and "Kefitos."*

Unveiled : a vision (published anonymously). 1875.

A Nation's Fame (Fugitive Slave Question), by the "Author of Unveiled : a vision." 1876.

God of Wine, with music by C. S. Jekyll. 1879.

Echoes of Fifty Years, with music by J. A. Birch. 1879.

The Atalanta, a poem. 1880.

A Hindoo Tragedy, a poem in four cantos. 1880.

The Trysting Well, with music by Berthold Tours. 1881.

Harold Glynde, a narrative poem interspersed with fourteen lyrics. 1881.

„ issued as a Cantata, with music by Sir John Stainer, Sir George Martin, C. S. Jekyll, J. A. Birch, and other composers. Various editions in old notation and tonic sol-fa.

The Coming Years, with music by John Cornwall. 1883.

The Spring of Life, with music by Marion La Thangue. 1884.

Intercolonial Ode, with music by Leonard Gautier. 1886.

The Fireman, arranged as a dramatic part-song with double chorus by John Cornwall. 1886.

Mother of Nations, with music by Leonard Gautier, 1887; new edition, with the prefix "Victoria," 1897.

Poems (miscellaneous collected), 306 pp. 1st edition, 1887; 2nd edition, 1888.

The Window in the Rock, a Cornish tale in verse. 1888.

The Bo'sun's Bride, with music by Leonard Gautier. 1889.

The Everlasting Arms, with music by Charles Nixon. 1889.

Our Noble Defenders, with music by Tito Mattei. 1889.

Links of Eden, with music by F. C. Bevan. 1892.

Hugh Trebarwith, a Cornish romance. 1900.

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